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TALES.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

"TRIALS."

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.
[Concluded.]

MORDAUNT was silent and musing; Lucy a little sad, perhaps from reaction. When they reached home, they found Miss Howard in the parlor, apparently delighted to see her cousin, and so engrossing him to the total disregard of Lucy, that the latter quietly left the room. She went up stairs to have arrangements made for Miss Howard's comfort, when the housekeeper, opening one of the chamber doors, begged her young mistress to come in. With a flushed face, Mrs. Bolton began—"Miss Howard came here a short time before you did; she summoned me into her presence, and ordered me to show her the house. She said she would look at the chambers, and select one for herself. I took her through the four chambers on this floor, and the finest and best room in the house she picked for herself. I hinted that the room next to it would suit her as well, but she gave me such a high look, and bid me not be impertinent. I told her, ma'am, I never followed bad examples. She turned her back on me, and ordered John to bring all her things into the room she had selected. She carried herself as though she were mistress of us all. I am old, my dear lady, and you are very young, and have a troubled path to walk in—you will not be angry with me if I give a word of advice. If you do not teach Miss Howard her place, she will soon make this house too hot to hold you both. Order me to take her things into another room, and tell her it is not convenient to have her anywhere else."

Lucy stood absolutely aghast at this account from her usually quiet and respectful housekeeper.

"Hush," she said, "hush, Mrs. Bolton you forget yourself. This lady is dear to Mr. Mordaunt as a sister; as such she must be treated here. Let her choose her own room, and see that her orders are obeyed."

"She asked me saucy questions about yourself, madam," said the indignant housekeeper; "and before John, too. She insisted on going into your apartments, and when I refused, she looked high again, and threatened me with my master—she, indeed!"

Lucy could not keep back the burning flush that touched even her forehead, nor the sudden sparkle of her dark eye, as she exclaimed, in shame and anger—"You did not let her in—you surely did not do it?"

"Not I, indeed," said Mrs. Bolton, delighted she had made an impression at last; "I told her that wing of the house was yours, and I was not at liberty to take any one into it without your per-

mission. Here is the key; you went away in such a hurry that your books and papers are lying on the table, and I did not mean Miss Howard should toss them about."

"You were right," said Lucy, "on this point; wrong in the other. Be attentive and obedient to Miss Howard, and I will try to forget the freedom with which you have spoken of her."

Lucy saw the tears come to her faithful servant's eyes, and her heart smote her.

"I know," she said, gently, "how kindly it was all meant."

"Yes, I meant it well; and I hope you will forgive me, if I have hurt *your* feelings. You will bear me witness, madam, that I seldom use my tongue so freely, and would not now, but every creature in the house loves you, and we would venture anything for your sake." She left the room. Lucy, filled with astonishment, thought, can this indeed be the woman my fastidious husband admires so much? He must be deceived; I am persuaded he would never tolerate such freedom of tongue and act. Mordaunt was, indeed, deceived; he had taken a serpent into his domestic path, whose sting was bitter with the venom of a disappointed and envious heart. The bloom of Miss Howard's youth was gone; she was still single—she and her mother supporting a style of living much beyond their means, and suffering, in consequence, the anxiety and harassment attendant on such a course.

There was a time in the life of Eleanor, when she had hoped to be the wife of Mordaunt, and when he fancied that he loved her. But that time passed away, and he discovered there was but little sympathy between them; his fancy only had been taken captive, his judgment did not fully approve.

"She loves the world," he thought, "to the exclusion of domestic joys. I do not. She is beautiful, but has a passion for dress—I am afraid of the combination. She loves wealth, station, influence in society, and lives in their excitements.—She would not suit me, nor I her." So Mordaunt had reasoned one year before he married Lucy. It was after his father's death, when no demand came from Mr. Ellerslie, and he hoped he might yet be permitted to choose his own wife, that he had thought of Eleanor. His fancy for his cousin had passed away; but he loved her tenderly, and had all a brother's interest in her welfare. He liked her animation, admired her elegant, graceful manners, enjoyed her society, and looked forward with genuine pleasure to the coming winter. His situation with Lucy was painful to him, and he believed Eleanor's presence would do much to remove restraint, and add to their mutual comfort. It had the contrary effect on Lucy; she felt a sense of depreciation when in the company of Miss Howard, that kept her almost wholly silent; while her

heart was beating with emotion, she preserved a cold exterior, that led Mordaunt to think her indifferent as himself, to any better understanding between them. He had thought differently during their ride, but the impression produced then was slight in comparison with the host of preconceived opinions and prejudices against her. He fell back on his first impressions easily—indeed, they had scarcely been stirred upon the surface—under the skilful guidance of Miss Howard.

The following letter from Eleanor to her mother, will explain her views:—

"MY DEAR MAMMA:—My journey was accomplished in safety, and was as delightful as it could be, with a man whose ideas ranged from a stable to a dog-kennel. If the turnout had not been perfect, and my own appearance the most striking feature in it, I should have voted the bore too great for endurance.

"I have found things in a curious state here.—They are married, sure enough, and she is clearly mistress of the house and Mrs. Mordaunt—but a stranger to her husband. I incline to think some little relenting or tenderness was lighting up in his heart about the time of my arrival; it died out for the want of aliment. Lucy is shy, timid, sensitive, and afraid of him; and what is more than all the rest, loves him, although I am sure he has no suspicion of the truth. You would be astonished at her loveliness, but it varies with her feelings, and they are often unquiet. Her manners are constrained, and she is very silent.

"Mordaunt is delighted to have me to chat with, and we enjoy one another, to her exclusion, I must confess. This does not strike him, as he has grown accustomed to their unsocial mode of life. I think she feels it. We do not often meet, excepting at meals or in the evening. I began matters with a high hand, to see how she would bear it; she yielded, and I gave her to understand I could manage my own affairs without her interference as hostess. She takes a hint readily, with a sudden flushing of the cheeks that shows she feels it. I suppose it is fear of Mordaunt, but she never makes any return of such favors, although there is a certain look about her which makes me sometimes fear she will. I do not quite understand her, I will confess; with everything to distress and annoy her, I have yet seen her come from her own apartment with a countenance of peace that was almost gladness. Where can it spring from?

"If Mordaunt should divorce her—and I imagine, under the circumstances, it would be an easy thing for him to do—it would certainly be a happy release for her. Edward told me her fortune was large, and wholly under her own control.—What can induce her to live with him? Surely, dear mamma, it would be an act of charity to help this couple to a separation, and give poor Mordaunt

an opportunity of choosing a wife better worthy of him than this simple child? Consider of it, and I am, in the mean time, your daughter,

"E. HOWARD."

Mrs. Mordaunt's house was open to visitors to gratify Miss Howard, who was a little astonished to find Lucy had no difficulty in receiving them with ease and self-confidence. If Mordaunt had been present, it might have been different. His mornings were spent in his office: the view he received of affairs at home, and the coloring given to his mind, we will lay before our readers in a conversation that occurred some weeks after Miss Howard's arrival.

"If you are at leisure, Edward," said that lady, "spend this evening with me. Your wife is at church; she is as saintly as a Maintenon, and has left me without mercy, to my loneliness."

He smiled a little sadly as he put by his hat and cane, and moved to the table. "Shall I read to you?" he said.

"Yes; read to me. It is the first time you have done so since I came here."

He opened the book and read; when, after a time, he looked up to make some comment, he met the eyes of his cousin fixed with a look of tender interest upon him. "You are unhappy, Edward; I am sure you are! If it is so, tell me, I entreat you:—no sister could feel a deeper interest in your welfare."

Mordaunt colored, and seemed displeased.

"Forgive me, Edward, if I shall go too far?" she resumed; "you know not how many bitter tears I have shed over the wreck of your happiness. How could you, Edward, oh! how could you marry this child? so unfitted for you—so unequal to you! It was madness!" The tears dropped from her eyes; she was, indeed, agitated from many causes.

"It is strange you should ask," said Mordaunt, bitterly. "You know how I was fettered, forced into this match; and something of my past suffering you know also; the whole of it is known to no human being. It was not my choice that we live together; it is my judgements still we would be better apart," he sighed deeply.

"Why, then, do you live together, Edward?"

"She thinks it best—and from a sense of duty, I believe. She suffers, too; it was her privilege as a woman to decide this point."

"I do not think she suffers," said Eleanor, in her gentlest tone; "she looks satisfied—something more, peaceful and happy. She has not sensibility to feel her position, or heart and mind to appreciate the worth of your affection."

Mordaunt's brow contracted, and he sank deeper into the arm-chair, joining his hands over his forehead, to conceal, if possible, the gloomy feelings that struggled for expression.

"Listen, Mordaunt," said Eleanor; "you have done your utmost to fulfil your father's promise; nature revolts at such horrible force-work. Release yourself, and be happy!"

Mordaunt looked up in astonishment. "How?" he said.

"By legal process," she replied firmly.

"Eleanor!"

She sat silent, with her eyes bent down, and a deep flush rising to her cheeks.

"I repeat it. You have the right—none will doubt the justice on your side."

"You forget yourself strangely, Eleanor. I had better have broken the promise in the first instance,

than having once married in conformity with it, resort to the unworthy act you have suggested.—Let my father's memory rest in peace, whatever his son may suffer. The odium of a public divorce shall at least never tarnish it!"

Eleanor bent down her head upon her clasped hands, and appeared to weep.

"I have been harsh," said Mordaunt; "forgive me; I appreciate the motives that actuate you—I thank you for them. You are almost the only human being who has showed me sympathy. You are the only one to whom I have spoken on this painful subject. Say you forgive me, Eleanor?"

She extended her hand, and he raised it to his lips. They were both silent for a time.

"If," said Eleanor, at last—"if there was any hope in the future, I could feel comforted."

"Perhaps there is," said Mordaunt kindly; "do not let us think of the future if it troubles you."

"Try and be happy yourself in the present."

"The present is full of annoyances," said Eleanor, bitterly. "Lucy is capricious, cold and silent without dignity of manner among her servants; a child in her orders, an awkward and ill-bred child in her treatment of visitors. I am ashamed for her, though she is not ashamed for herself."

"You go very far, Eleanor—I fear you judge her harshly," Mordaunt spoke gravely.

"Perhaps I do," she said earnestly; "I own I came here with my heart full of prejudice against her. Can you wonder that it was so, my more than friend, my brother? But I will struggle against them; I will try to win her friendship. I will look only on the bright side of her character, and if she has a warm true heart at the bottom of all this coldness—then, Mordaunt, she may yet be worthy of you!"

She spoke so warmly, she looked so earnest, her dark eyes flashed so brightly, the color in her cheeks brought back the look of her youth, and so many recollections thronged fast into the heart of Mordaunt, that he did not see clearly. He thanked her with much emotion for the interest she took in his happiness, thought her feelings natural, and whatever might be the result, he would ever be grateful to her for the interest she had manifested. They were interrupted by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Lucy. She was surprised to see them there, as Mordaunt spent his evenings usually in his office. Eleanor rose up, and advanced to meet her.

"Do join us, Mrs. Mordaunt; your husband has been reading to me, and if you will listen, I will promise you a rich treat."

Lucy regarded her with a look of inexpressible contempt; she had met with a degree of insolence at this woman's hand, that she had not yet learned to bear meekly.

"I fear my joining you would be considered an intrusion," she said proudly—"I came for a book I left here." She lifted the one her husband had been reading, from the table.

"Mr. Mordaunt has been reading that," said Eleanor, courteously.

"Take it by all means," said Mordaunt, haughtily. "I insist upon your taking it, madam; I shall not look at it again."

Lucy took it with a trembling hand and averted face, and instantly left the room.

"I wonder," said the hypocrite she left behind her, "if she hates me!"

"Say no more about her," said Mordaunt, impatiently; "we have had enough of her manners for one night. Let us talk of something more agreeable."

No woman was better qualified for such a task than Eleanor; "the hours flew by on angel wings," but left a sting behind them!

Does her character seem strange and unnatural, my reader? It was but the working out of a false, and fearful system of parental nurture.

Years ago, Ella Howard was a soft, fair baby who lay upon her mother's knee, a gift from God. And He said, "train her up for me." Ere her mind knew right from wrong, there was carried on the education of example. Gentle tones influenced her, smiles called up a gladness in her young heart, and tears made her sad. Scenes of temper and strife at first terrified her, but as she grew in strength and boldness, they struck an answering chord in her bosom. Then when the mother should have watched and pruned, and led her gently and patiently in the path of self-denial, taught her how to struggle and to overcome—the world claimed her! She forgot her duties in its pleasures—the higher and better nature of her child sank under evil influences; she ripened into womanhood with uncurbed temper, and a strong and selfish will.—With limited means, she entered upon a career of gayety. What a struggle it was! What an amount of suffering was compressed into the ten years of her past life! How did her soul sicken with envy, and darken with malignant passion. And now, at thirty, she was a disappointed woman, unmarried when she had staked so much upon the chance, her mother deeply involved in debt on her account chiefly, and in whose privations she must eventually share.

Liberal as Mordaunt had already been to them, she dreaded he should know how reckless their course had been. Her last hope—her only hope, she felt it—she scarcely named aloud in words to herself, but she thought and pondered much upon it. It seemed so easy, so probable, that Mordaunt would eventually divorce his wife—and then? why then, he would marry her, the only woman he had ever loved. She could not, of course, know Mordaunt's feelings towards herself; neither could she comprehend the integrity and uprightness of his truly honorable mind.

And now turn we to "our Lucy;" the world is dark around her at this moment, and with it all is self-reproach. She had spoken proudly, and in her sense of insult had forgotten her husband's feelings. It was hard for Lucy to bear the system of petty persecution maintained against her by Miss Howard. That very day that lady had so far forgotten every womanly sympathy, as to taunt Lucy with the fact of her being only the nominal mistress of her house, and in presence of two of her servants. Her words were sharp, and sank like arrows into a heart too sore for such a wound from a sister's hand. Lucy regarded with contempt her advances in the evening; knew she was a hypocrite, and as such she would have no communion with her. But she felt conscious of an angry and bitter spirit in her own bosom:—"When He was reviled, he reviled not again;" and far off as she was from any approach to Him, he was yet her pattern, her bright exemplar, and she felt little of his spirit.—Lucy wept, and sought to look into her own heart with more faithfulness than she had done of late.

She had been less patient since Eleanor came, less watchful of herself, not so willing to give it all up into her Heavenly Father's hand, and patiently wait his will. She saw clearly, through that long and lonely night, and she prayed earnestly, as one who *needed* help. Lucy was orphaned, and she met her trials without human sympathy: yet her spirit sank not, but grew stronger—not for conflict, but to bear in patience *all His will*.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

When, next morning, Lucy entered the breakfast-room, she found Miss Howard alone.

She said, "good morning" sweetly—for, from the heart, she had forgiven this enemy.

"I am glad your humor has changed," said Miss Howard, sneeringly; "last night you would have turned me out of doors, if your power had equalled your inclination, which fortunately, is not the case."

Lucy colored deeply, but made no reply. She took a book in her hand, and thought, as she gazed on its pages—"If I could only gain courage to tell my husband the truth—he cannot know how this woman tramples upon me—I am sure he would not permit it. He thinks, too, I would not listen to his reading. Oh? if I dared open my heart to him."

Mordaunt entered, and they sat down to breakfast. He spoke coldly to Lucy, and said but little to Eleanor; the sober second thought of morning did not satisfy him with regard to her conduct.

When their silent meal was over, a servant entered to say, Miss Howard's dress-maker was in her room, and wished to see her. Eleanor lingered a few moments, hoping Lucy would go; but as she did not, she left the room, leaving the husband and wife together.

Lucy made a great effort—"I have to beg," she said, hurriedly, "you will forgive my refusal to hear you read last night—"

"I desire no apologies," said Mordaunt, interrupting her; "if they are due to any one, it is to the lady who has just left the room."

"No, sir," said Lucy, gaining courage, "not to her. If you knew all, you would not say so. For yourself, I deeply regret anything that bore even the appearance of unkindness on my part."

Mordaunt bowed, looked displeased, and made no reply.

"You judge me harshly," said Lucy, in tones of great distress. "Oh! that you could see me but for a single moment free from the prejudices you cherish against me!"

She rose to go.

"You will allow me to say," said Mordaunt, with cold distinctness, "that such language is unpleasant to me—and to remind you of the understanding there was between us, when I consented to live with you. You have no claim upon me as regards my feelings or preferences, and I hope this is the last scene of the kind to which I shall be subjected."

He did not see her face—it was turned from him. She hurried from the room—she longed for air, for help. There was a tightness about her throat, and a sense of suffocation and faintness that was distressing to her. She went out of the hall door that led into the garden; she sank down on a seat, murmuring, almost unconsciously, "Will it be so forever? Forever! Shall I yet live through

years of this suffering?" She did not weep; a dry sob choked her utterance. It was not a voice that spoke, yet words came to her burdened heart—

"Christ leads us through no darker way
Than he went through before;
He that in God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by that door."

"True," she said, "true!" and the tears gushed down as the gentle rain of summer. Lucy took up her cross meekly, albeit with a sorrowing spirit. A suspicion had entered her mind that Mordaunt meant to drive her from his house, and used Miss Howard as an instrument; it was very dreadful, and she turned away from it in horror. The next day Lucy went to Mrs. Ellicott; she found her alone, sewing.

"Dear Mrs. Ellicott," she said, eagerly, "I am so glad to have you to myself. Will you give me an hour? I want a little counsel."

"Two of them, my darling, if you wish it.—Now, tell me what is in your heart this morning; you look grave enough to make me think it trouble, if I did not know you were too busy to grieve severely."

The kind, loving tones of Mrs. Ellicott cheered Lucy.

She smiled, "I believe that is what ails me; I have nothing to do—not active employment, I mean; I came to you this morning to find it for me."

"Mrs. Ellicott put her arm around her, and kissed her tenderly. Overcome by this little act of affection, Lucy clasped her arms around the neck of her friend, and wept. Mrs. Ellicott held her closely, and passed her hand caressingly over the beautiful head that lay on her bosom; but she did not interrupt this burst of grief. When Lucy was silent, she said, cheerfully, "I have work on hand for you now, my child, and I mean to keep you so active, you will not have time to think of sorrow. Look here." She lifted the corner of her basket; it was filled with coarse garments ready for making up. "I will lend you a thimble, and you shall help me this morning; and then we will pay a visit to the family for whom they are intended."

Lucy began readily; and although at first silent, Mrs. Ellicott succeeded in winning her attention and interest in several families, whose wants had recently attracted her own notice. No further allusion was made to Lucy's suffering.—Mrs. Ellicott knew enough of her painful history to sympathize deeply with her, but she did not think such knowledge was any warrant for pressing into Lucy's confidence. She saw that activity would lighten her sorrow; to guide that activity into wise and useful channels, was to her a delightful task.

Lucy learned readily; she entered with earnestness into the benevolent plans of Mrs. Ellicott—and who can tell the benefit it was to her? Her step grew lighter, and her eye brightened as of old; and many a soft, low tone of song escaped her, in the peace of a fully occupied mind.

"Your wife looks as happy as any of us," said Miss Howard to Mordaunt, as they stood together by the fire, watching Lucy's rapid fingers as they moved over a piece of work.

Mordaunt made no reply. "She looks happy and beautiful too," he thought; "and if she lack the sensibility of a higher nature than her own, at least she is saved from its suffering."

He sighed heavily, moved over to the table where Lucy sat, and lifted a book from it. She

heard the sigh, and ventured to look up; she met his glance. He smiled upon her; he had not done so since their ride together.

"What do you find to employ you so busily?"

"I love to work," said Lucy, laughingly, and rolling it up; "I am the happier for it."

"I should not think you were ever otherwise than happy," said Mordaunt.

Lucy's bright eyes were dimmed with tears; reproach and pain mingled in the glance she bent upon him. It troubled him; he wished for a moment then, to read a page in the history of her hidden life. He doubted if she were so happy as he had thought her; but this slight emotion of interest soon passed away; neither did it influence materially the prevailing sentiments of his mind towards her. He was unconscious of the power Miss Howard exercised over himself and in his household. He would have been inexpressibly shocked had he known the system of petty persecution she maintained against Lucy. She controlled the servants at her pleasure, in his name.—She had contrived the dismissal of Lucy's old and faithful gardener; and, as spring advanced, she had made such changes and alterations in the garden as threatened nearly to destroy it. Lucy staggered under this accumulation of evils; her authority was disregarded in the household, and her husband made complaint of annoyances which it was not in her power to remove. The conviction had strengthened in her mind, that Mordaunt, aware of Miss Howard's conduct, permitted it that she might leave him.

She began to think it would be better for her to go—had she not already done all that could be asked of her?

One day Mordaunt came in from the garden with a look of anger, which his face but rarely wore. He found Miss Howard alone in the parlor.

"Where is Mrs. Mordaunt, Eleanor? There is terrible work going on in the garden; it will be utterly ruined if it is not put a stop to. That beautiful arbor of roses is torn up by the roots, and the stupid gardener says Mrs. Mordaunt ordered it.—I don't understand why she did so, when it went up in the first instance under her direction."

"Under the old gardener's, you mean; it was his taste, not your wife's, that beautified the garden. She goes contrary to the judgment, of the present gardener in everything; he has complained to me repeatedly, and useless you give absolute orders that she shall not interfere, your poor mother's garden will be a perfect ruin."

Mordaunt's eyes flashed fire; he left the room under the influence of the strongest excitement, and in the hall, met Lucy.

"Allow me to detain you one moment," he said, with difficulty restraining himself within the bounds of common civility. "I am excessively dissatisfied with your alterations in the garden; I beg madam you will let it alone, or your senseless folly will destroy it."

Lucy made no defence. She only felt he joined with Miss Howard in heaping upon her insult and injury. She shrank from his angry countenance as he approached her, and when he ceased speaking, she instantly left his presence.

The next day Lucy wrote:—

"MR. MORDAUNT:—I believe I have done all and borne all, that can reasonably be demanded of me

to fulfil my marriage vow. No good can come of my bearing this bitter burden any longer, and it is my wish to go with Dr. and Mrs. Ellicott to England for two years. If at the expiration of that time, you desire me to return to your house, I shall feel bound to do so—not otherwise. Perhaps I have done wrong to force myself upon you; my motives were good, and I have been the greatest sufferer. I will leave in three days, if you have no objection to make.

"LUCY MORDAUNT."

Mordaunt wrote a few words in answer, expressive of his approbation and consent. Lucy dropped some tears over the first lines she had ever received from him; but her feelings towards him had changed; her heart was chilled into indifference; the prospect of change was pleasant to her; the sufferings of a life seemed to have gathered themselves into the brief point of time she had spent under Mordaunt's roof.

The astonishment of Eleanor was unbounded as her indignation, when she heard that Lucy was going. She never supposed that one who would bear wrong so meekly, would turn at last and act for herself. She saw at a glance that Mordaunt's house could be no home for her, if his wife were gone. "She had digged the pit," and she saw she had fallen into it: truly they were scorpion stings that lashed her—"envy, malice, and all uncharitableness!"

Days and weeks went on in their silent flight and Lucy trod the shores of Old England. She met a welcome there that caused her young heart to beat with the joy of its early gladness.

Her uncle's family received her with kindness, that a longer acquaintance ripened into affection. In such a genial atmosphere she gained confidence in herself, and the many nameless charms that much intercourse with good society imparts. They travelled with her for many months; the rest of the time she spent with them at home. Dr. and Mrs. Ellicott, who had visited many of the principal points of attraction with Lucy, joined her for a few weeks before their return to America. And now we will leave her, happier than she has been since her sad marriage, but unable in any present enjoyment wholly to forget the past. Let us turn to Mordaunt as Lucy left him.

Miss Howard suggested something of her mother's coming to preside over his household, but Mordaunt was insensible to her hints; he liked his cousin better than his aunt, but would not endure the latter for the sake of the former. He spoke of her going as a matter of course, but she lingered on for two weeks after Lucy's departure. One morning, Mrs. Bolton entered the breakfast room, where Mr. Mordaunt was sitting, and told him she wished to give up her situation, and hoped he would provide himself with another housekeeper. Mordaunt dropped his paper in astonishment.

"Mrs. Bolton, is it possible you can think of leaving me? Thirty years you have lived in our family, and will you now go?"

"Yes, thirty years have I lived with mother and son, and it is hard on me to go away; but I cannot stay in the same house with Miss Howard: I would not have been here now if Mrs. Mordaunt had not made the best of our troubles. She was an angel to bear all she did—and I am little like her, as everybody knows."

She drew her hand over her eyes, and was si-

lent. Mordaunt walked across the room, and sat down beside her.

"There is something in all this I do not understand," he said. "What can Miss Howard have done to grieve or offend you? And what do you mean by saying Mrs. Mordaunt had much to bear?"

"It is not my business to speak, sir; and if you have not seen for yourself, and you will not believe my telling. The first hour Miss Howard stepped her foot over your threshold, she made herself mistress, and she treated your wife like a dog—like a dog, indeed! I could not bring myself to wring the heart of a dog as she has done that of my dear young lady, every day they were together. But God will remember her for it; she may live to be homeless herself, and be driven out among strangers, because there was no place for her among her own!"

She uttered the last words with the emphasis of strong feelings; the tears were on her flushed cheek, and mingled grief and indignation were in her truthful and sincere countenance. The pent up emotions of her warm heart had found vent, neither did she much restrain herself. She felt her master as much to blame as Miss Howard. Mordaunt seemed greatly agitated. He desired her to go with him to the library, where they would be free from interruption. Mrs. Bolton followed his rapid steps, wondering where all this would lead to. She began to think something was wrong.

"Now, Mrs. Bolton," he said, locking the door, "we are alone. You have said things you must unsay, or substantiate. I have confidence in your truth, but do not let prejudice color it in this instance; you cannot know how much depends upon it. Tell me all you have seen, all you have heard, and tell it truly, as you must answer it to God."

"I will, sir," she said; "and if you really did not know how it was with the tender heart God gave you to watch over, it will be hard for you to hear. I know how the marriage was forced on you; still it was a bitter thing to humble her in the dust as you did, and let that proud woman trample her under her foot."

"She did not dare!" said Mordaunt through his clenched teeth; "she did not"—he checked himself. "Go on, Mrs. Bolton; speak to the point, and begin at the beginning."

She did; and such a tale as she poured into the ears of her astounded listener, it would be hard for us to repeat. Keen, shrewd, observant, holding a place above that of a servant, having the advantage of some education, and of being much in contact with her superiors, she was far from being incompetent to the task. All her womanly sympathies had been enlisted for Lucy; and although she told the story in her own way, with love for her mistress, and strong dislike to Miss Howard manifest in every word, it sounded like truth to her agitated auditor. The veil lifted; there were corroborating circumstances that flashed like lightning on his mind. He felt it true, and his distress was unspeakable. He remembered the sufferer was mild, gentle uncomplaining; and under his roof, beneath his very eye, this oppression had gone on, and he had stretched forth no hand to help her. He groaned in absolute agony.

Mrs. Bolton softened:—"If it will comfort you to know it, Mr. Mordaunt, I can tell you she forgave you everything. The night before she went

away, I overheard her praying for you; and it is my belief, that is how she came to forgive you.—She spoke so long and earnest, as if her heart was in it; and she did not remember any unkindness then, I know. She did so much to please you, I often wondered how you could keep so cold and stern like; she had a sweet young face, too, as ever gladdened a mother's heart, though father and mother she had none to care for her. I used to think she thought of that sometimes; when she said 'Our Father!' she seemed to feel a kind of nearness to Him. And He was near to her, or she could not have smiled her patient smile on us, as she always did when we went in to her room morning and evening. Her heart was heavy with it all, though; I never heard her sing before she went away, and she never laughed when I tried to cheer her up, but she always turned what I said into something for my good, in her gentle, tender way. And if I love God better now than I used to do, I owe it all to her."

She lifted her streaming eyes to heaven with a look of gratitude. After a few moments, she said—"You have only my word against that of Miss Howard. You know that I have been faithful and truthful in the thirty years that I have served your family. I think, too, you believe me; but send for the old gardener—he has a situation in this square—question him, and you will find he has suspicions as well as myself. Before he left, he asked me if he should go to you and make complaint. I told him he might as well save himself the labor, for Miss Howard's will was law, and if she said 'go'—go he must. I thought so then, sir, but I believe the truth, spoken sooner, might have kept Mrs. Mordaunt among us. Nobody will love her over there, as we love her here. I was with her much, and I know her suffering, and how she bore it, and the hearts she made glad with her goodness.—May God bring it back again on her own head in blessings!" She rose up to go; "shall I send for the gardener?" She said, in her usual quiet and respectful tone. "I will send him to you without saying one word to him myself."

Mordaunt gave assent, and she left the room.—We cannot adequately convey any idea of his suffering; a just and right-minded man, his whole nature revolted from the injustice and cruelty meted out to Lucy. He felt the keenest self-reproach and shame, that he had been, *through his prejudices*, deceived, imposed upon, made almost a partner in this iniquity. A revulsion of feeling, as regarded Lucy, swept over his mind with mighty force. A warm gush of tenderness filled his heart with an irrepressible desire to compensate for all her past sufferings. He was interrupted in his reflections by a knock at the door and the gardener entered. Mordaunt received him kindly, and asked if he would return to his service, expressing regret at his dismissal.

The old man respectfully declined, and when Mr. Mordaunt pressed the reason, he said he could not serve under Miss Howard.

"She cannot possibly have anything to do with the garden," said Mordaunt.

"Yes she has, sir; she always contradicted Mrs. Mordaunt's orders, and used your name as her authority. She bade me do things that would spoil the garden, and when I refused, was displeased with me, and then I was dismissed. The new man has done more mischief than three years of care can

bring round again. It was hard to see all one's trouble go for nothing, but I did not care on my own account. I saw Mrs. Mordaunt cry like a child over the arbor of roses that cost us both so much pains and care. I would rather bear trouble than see the old master's daughter feel it—it's little she was used to it in his time."

Mordaunt was much distressed "You must come to me again," he said; "Miss Howard leaves my house immediately. You must make this garden as Mrs. Mordaunt wished to have it; and, my good fellow, spare neither money nor labor on the arbor of roses; if she ever returns to us, let her find it as she first arranged it."

The old man promised joyfully. "I'll make it such a place, Mr. Morduant, as her little foot has never trod in old England!"

I do not mean to inflict upon my reader the scene between Miss Howard and Mordaunt. She met his wrath and scorn with taunt and defiance.—"I despise you," were her parting words; "and your baby wife will do the same, for you have turned her love into contempt, and if you seek to win it, you will find it as I tell you."

So they parted, and they met no more. Her course was downward, unhonored and unloved; a mischief-maker, in the pleasant places by the hearth-side she found no room; without friends, respect or affection, the sun of Eleanor Howard's life set in deep darkness. As she had sown, so she reaped. Evil was meted out to her for evil, and malignant passions pressed sore upon the heart that had cherished them.

Now, our reader, we will fancy two long years are flown—two years and more, for Lucy landed on her native shore "in the leafy month of June." She is at the hotel, and Mordaunt, who has just arrived in his own carriage, is shaking hands with Dr. Ellicott, and begging permission to see Mrs. Mordaunt alone. The Doctor, like a wise man, asked no questions, but leads him to their parlor, and send a message to Lucy that her husband wishes to see her. I will not say her heart did not beat a little more quickly when she heard it, yet she looked calm, and her slightly deepened color subsided into its usual tinge before she reached the door. Mordaunt was so surprised at her appearance, that he neither moved nor spoke. Pale, suffering, dressed in deep mourning, she had dwelt in his mind since her absence—but this lady was richly clad; health and beauty were in her fine expressive face and now fully developed form, and her somewhat stately manners were little like those of the young shrinking girl he had made his wife. "Can this be Lucy?" was his almost involuntary exclamation.

"Am I so altered, then?" she said, gently, surprised at his emotion. He took the hand she extended, and held it in both his own; she withdrew it, not unkindly, but naturally—there was no answering sympathy in her heart. Her felt it deeply; for many moments he sat silently by her side, unable to speak.

"I have wronged you, Lucy," he said, at length, "and have much to say in explanation; but first, will you tell me truly if there was ever a time when you regarded me with interest and affection?"

She sighed—"Once—there was."

"Once!—Oh, Lucy! Yet I knew it must be so.—That love died out for want of aliment?"

She seemed troubled. "I am afraid it was so," she said, sadly.

"Through me you have suffered deeply, Lucy; yet I sometimes hope, when I tell you all, your gentle heart will forgive it freely. Self-reproach has made my sorrow agony, and I do not feel as if I ever could forgive myself."

He took her hand, and this time it lay quiet in his own. He began far back his sad recital, when first his father told him she must be his wife. He made her understand how it was; he laid bare the workings of his mind through all the period of their after intercourse; he dwelt with shame and remorse on Miss Howard's influence over him, and the unworthy ends, for which she used it. He had always loved her as a sister, did not believe her capable of a seriously wrong action; was blinded as to her real character. As regarded her actual intercourse with Lucy, he was an absolute stranger to every part of it. She would do him the justice to believe that?

Yes—she did him that justice.

"When the whole story of her baseness came to my knowledge, I can scarcely tell you how I felt, Lucy. Over every emotion of indignation against her, there was warm, gushing tenderness for yourself—pity, sympathy, admiration by turns filled my heart. I loved you then, and have loved you ever since, my sweet Lucy; and if you will forgive the past, your old feelings may return for one who is unworthy, I know, but who will be so deeply, truly grateful for your love!"

Lucy's head was bent down; he could not see her face. She said, so low, he could just hear the words.

"Why did you never write me this?"

"Because I dare not, Lucy. I could not intrude my remorse upon the only time of tranquility you had enjoyed since you had known me. I had not the courage, lest you should write me what you would not say, if I could succeed in making you understand how it had been with me from the first. I have lived upon this single hope, that you would forgive, and suffer me to try and win the love that is now so precious to me."

He bent his head over the little hand he held, and raised it to his lips; Lucy felt his tears upon it. She could not restrain her own. Mordaunt saw it was so; he drew her gently to him.

"The past is forgiven, Lucy—is it not so?"

"All forgiven!"

"And you will go home with me, where your gentle presence will impart a gladness I have not known for years?"

I do not know that the yes was spoken audibly, but the husband was well satisfied with the answer.

The evening after their arrival at home, Lucy stole quietly out into the garden. All around her, were the labors of those who loved her, and had so longed for her return. Was this, indeed, the home she had left so eagerly? How warm and true had been the welcome that greeted her! She laid her cheek against the clustering roses, that literally covered the beautiful bower she had reared, seen destroyed, yet saw blooming again, and murmured—"Can it all be true?"

"Yes, all, my Lucy; and more than you have yet heard." She turned her silently to that dear husband, whose protecting arm was around her; but her heart was too full for words. "I have not

told you before that the full measure of your happiness might reach you in our own home. When you came out, I followed, that I might tell you we are one in a far deeper and truer sense that you have yet thought of."

Lucy started, as a suspicion of the joyful truth entered her mind.

"He has opened mine eyes that I see wondrous things out of His law!"—said Mordaunt, gently.

She understood it all. Other happiness was as nothing in comparison with this; now they were, indeed, *one*—not for time that might end with another day, but for eternity. She looked up with tearful eyes, in her deep thankfulness, and thought of—"All the way which He had led her!" She remembered then, what *trials* had done for her—for him; blessed influences had come with them, as the early and the latter rains upon the thirsty earth, to enrich and beautify. She felt it was so, and her heart was silent before that Great Being who worketh out such wondrous ends through such means.

My reader, who has followed me this story to the end, shall we not bear patiently, and go on meekly in our appointed way, trusting evermore to the love that meteth out all our trials? Shall we not leave judgment with Him, and repine not, though the burden be heavy? Shall we not *hope on* when the day is darkest, until earthly struggles pass away in life, and light, and immortality!

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE POETRY OF ROMANCE.

How strange and yet how common place seems the career of the majority of our poets—the heaven-sent gifted interpreters of fancy's thoughts!

How wonderful does the contrast seem, when we compare the every-day lives of such men as Byron, Burns or Hoffman with the ethereal, and heart-elevating mission they came on earth to fulfil! How sad does it seem, that the vehicles, of those burning thoughts and flashings of imaginative fancy which have illuminated the understandings and elevated the inmost soul of their admirers, should themselves be the grovelling slave of earth, to appearance unaffected by the holy aspirations and longings of which they were the messengers.

How fanciful, yet how apparently real are the fable stories of Hoffman, Tieck or Schiller, who can read their absorbing pages without being bewildered in the dreamy depths of thought in which they are immersed! Such is the power of the Poet; for such I must call him, who collecting round him the inexhaustable stores of fancy and imagination, weaves from their varied hues, a tissue veil of translucent beauty, which while it hides from our view the deformities of earth elevates our thoughts amongst the vagaries of the spirit world. This power has much the same effect on us, as the spirit-mist of music which floating over the every sense, throws the mantle of forgetfulness over the softened feelings of the mind and lifts us from the scenes of earth into a dream-cloud of celestial radiance.

It is a strange incomprehensible power which the imaginative writer wields over the human will; he makes us weep with him or laugh, sorrow, or joy, and often with so nice a grace that we hardly detect the cause.

How ridiculous and yet how real seems the fantasy-piece of the German romance writers, our judgment tells us it is false, but our heart reverses the decision of the judgment and we give ourselves up to an overpowering feeling of rapturous fancy which touches with its golden tints, everything we view. In many of them, among which is the story of the Golden Pot by Hoffinan, we can descry a deeper and yet more veritable mystery, a mystery of truth of which, the story is but the foreshadowing. In this this story, he represents the inward or spiritual part of man's nature as warring with the outward or earthly; to understand the spirit and imbibe the essence of the former a degree of simplicity, like that possessed by the student in the story, is needed; that is, a heart untouched by the vices or sensual pleasures of earth. The enclosure of the student Anselmus in a glass bottle where he meets for companions, two law clerks and church scholars, seems to be a configuration of those who follow the profession of the arts and the study of the beautiful for the sake of self alone and whose souls are unable to intensify that higher and holier feeling of beauty which alone visits the enraptured worshipper at her altar. To them it was not given to see the glass bottles which restricted their mental liberty, while to the unscaled eyes of Anselmus they appeared in their entrancing hours.

In this beautiful allegory, we also see hidden, lofty yet distinct foreshadowings of the ideal of nature. Neither in conclusion must we forget the thoughts said to be elicited from the spirits or elements of nature, by "Belief and Love." Which thoughts are here termed. "The knowledge of the sacred Harmony of all Beings."

Much as we may long for this holy knowledge we fear, it is unattainable, but even the consciousness which burns within us unquenchable,—the inherent consciousness of its truth and existence, is of itself a holy sustaining power which will drive the slaves of the "Dragon" from our hearts, though we may not be able to attain possession of the coveted treasure "The Golden Pot." J. D. C. Hudson, June, 1848.

MISCELLANY.

PEDDLING WITHOUT LICENSE.

THERE was in Illinois a sheriff, named Nickem, who was particularly expert in ferretting out and punishing pedlars who travelled without a license. One day he saw a pedlar coming up the road, and, as usual, he accosted him in hopes of finding a culprit, whom he might fine.

"Fine mornin'," said Nickem, reining up his nag in front of the pedlar's wagon.

"Tis pooty fine, I guess fur yeour wooden country," said the pedlar.

"What have you got to sell, any thing?" said the sheriff.

"Guess I huv, a few notions, one sort or uther. What'd yeou like to hev? Got some rale slick raze-sures, and some prime strops; an article I guess you want, Squire, by the look o' yer beard. And here's some rale gen-noo-wine paste blackin'—make them old ceow-hide beoots o' yourn shine like a dollar."

"Thank you," said Nickem, "I don't use blackin' grease is better, we allow, out this way. But what's that stuff in the bootles thar—is it good

to take?" continued he, pointing to a lot of labeled bottles.

"Well, I guess, Squire, it is a sort o' good; its balm o' Columby; good for the 'har,' and cures the belly ache; all nation fine stuff for asisstin' 'poor human natur,' as the poet says, in the affairs of life. A-n-d such stuff for expandin' the ideas and causin' 'em to flow spontanaciously! Knew a feller once who took a bottle on the 4th of July, a-n-d scissors! didn't he make a flaming speech! Dan'l Webster and Henry Clay got ashamed of themselves, and went clear hum! Fact, by golly!"

"What d'ye ask for it?" inquired Nickem.

"A dollar a bottle's the price Squire, but see'n its yeou, guess I'll let you hev it fur sev-en-ty-five cents. Cheap as dirt, aint it?"

"Well, I reckon I'll take a bottle; thar's the change," said Nickem.

"And there's the balm o' Columby, Haint nothin' else in my line to-day, Squire?" said the composed and vivacious Yankee.

"B'lieve not, oh! yes, now I think of it, stranger, have you got a license for peddling in this State?" said Nickem, coming to business.

"Guess I hev, Squire, may be yeou'd like to see it?"

"Well, stranger, seein'as I'm the high Sheriff of this county, I reckon I shall trouble you to show your license."

"Oh certain, certain, Squire, yeou kin see it; there it is, all fixed up in black and white, nice as wax, aint it?"

"Its all right, perfectly right," said Nickem folding up the document and handing it back to the pedlar, and he added, "I don't know, now that I have bought this stuff, that I ker anything about it. I reckon I may as well sell it to you again; what'll you give for it?"

"O! I don't know that the darn'd stuff's any use to me, but see'n its you, Sheriff, guess I'll give yeou about thirty-seven-and-a-half cents for it," quietly responded the trader. The high Sheriff handed over the bottle, and received the change, when the pedlar observed—

"I say, yeou, guess I've a question to ask just neow, hev yeou got a pedlar's license about yeour trousers?"

"Me! No, I hav'nt no use for the article, myself," said Nickem.

"Haint, eh? Well, I guess we'll see about that, purty darn'd soon. Ef I understand the law, neow its a clear case, that yeou've been a tradin' with me, hawkin' and pedlin' Balm o' Columby, on the highway, and I shall inform on yeou—I'll be darn'd ef I don't!"

Reaching the town, the Yankee was as good as his word, and the high Sheriff was *nicked* and fined, for *peddling without a license!* The Sheriff was heard to say, you might as well try to hold a greased eel, as a live Yankee!

"PATERNIZING" A LANDLORD.

PERHAPS you have been down on "the Island"—Long Island of course we mean—the Island *par excellent*. Well, there are some people there who are as wild as Camanche Indians, and never saw a brick building, although born and bred within forty or fifty miles of the great metropolis. A specimen at this kind rode up to the piazza of a hotel on "South Side," kept by a great wag by

the name of John Van Blarcom. Dismounting from his horse, he said—

"Be yeou the land'lord?"

"Yes sir."

"Wal, take my horse under the apple tree yonder, and give him tuppence worth of hay; take off his saddle and rub him down, and don't give him any water, cos I set great store by him."

"Yes sir."

The operation was duly performed. "What have yeou got tew drink?"

"Every thing."

"Wal, heow much a glass?"

"Sixpence."

"T's tew much; anything less?"

"Yes, we have got some cider for two cents a glass."

"That'll dew. How much for them cookies?" pointing to some red-brown ones in a mahogany case.

"Cent a-piece."

"Bring me one. Got the papers?"

"Yes."

"Bring me *them*, tew."

After reading all the news, drinking the cider and eating the ginger-cake with an expression of delightful complacency, the guest rose to depart, saying—

"Lan'lord, bring up my hoss, rub him off'agin, and yeou can give him a drink neow."

The horse was rubbed down and brought up to him.

"Heow much do I owe yeou?"

"Five cents sir."

"Here!"

"Thank you. One cent change, sir; you gave me sixpence."

"Wal," said the ultra "Liberal," as he mounted his horse, "I can tell yeou one thing, and that aint tew lan'lord; you keep a darn'd good house here, and if any of my friends should happen to come this way I'll tell 'em to paternize you."—*Knick.*

ALMOST A FIGHT—OR, A TALE OF A HORSE.

THE New-York Spirit of the Times tells of a good joke that came off the other afternoon, on one of the Brooklyn ferry boats. A better one does not often occur in this fun benighted country.

A gentleman who evidently had *dined*, drove on the boat, and forgetting the "*festina lente*" rule of ferries, nearly drove over a very irate looking individual, who if one might judge from the acerbity of his countenance, *had not*; the latter seeing the vision of a horse's head appear over his shoulder, wheeled suddenly and caught the beast by the bridle, looking horse whips at the incumbent of the carriage.

"What the deuce do you mean by catching hold of my horse?" said the driver.

"And what the deuce do *you* mean by almost driving over me?" replied the holder, in the true Yankee spirit of answering one question by asking another.

"Let go the horse!"

"I will *not*!"

The driver dismounted, advanced toward the other, whip in hand, and shortening his hold upon the handle, sung out in a stentorian voice—"I tell you, sir, let go that horse!"

"I'll be darned if I do!"

"You won't."

"No."

"Well, then," replied the driver, throwing his whip in the vehicle, and planting his hands comfortably in his pockets, "well, then, just hold him, will you?" so saying with a polite bow and quizzical grin, vanished into the cabin.

The crowd of passengers who had been standing "spectators of the fight" roared aloud, not quite as gently, however, as a "sucking dove," and the contending party, dropping the reins as if they were unpleasantly warm, marched off for the other end of the boat, his whole appearance bearing a striking resemblance to that of a man detected in the act of purloining his neighbor's mutton.

A LADY OF THE SELF-STYLED "PIOUS CLASS."

Mrs. — took an active part in collecting subscriptions for public charities, and sometimes she went a very round-about way to accomplish her desires. She had succeeded to the house and grounds of an aged relative, who had been in the habits of giving an annual *fete* to the Sunday school children. Of course Mrs. felt it her duty to continue an example so laudable and popular; the girls were invited as usual to take tea, one summer afternoon, on the lawn. Mrs. — and her servants very busily superintended the preparations; and a pretty sight it was to see the clear shining faces of the children as they joyously eyed the huge piles of plumcakes which were piled upon the table. — "Now, my little dears," said Mrs. —, addressing her lovely guests with one of her blandest smiles "which will you prefer—sugar in your tea, or a half-penny to spend, and no sugar?" "A half-penny! a half-penny!" shouted fifty blithe voices in chorus; and forthwith the sugar basin was taken away by one of the attendants, whilst another distributed the money. The cakes were quickly demolished, and the unsweetened tea was soon drunk; the hymn of praise and thanksgiving had scarcely died away when the mistress of the feast again addressed her visitors with—"Now, my little dears you who are such good and well taught children cannot, I am sure, each of you refuse to put something into my missionary box!" There was for a few moments a dead silence, while every eye cast down, and every little hand grasped tighter its melting treasure; but the surprise and disappointment of the girls did not last long; one by one every half-penny dropped with a dull and clinking sound into Mrs. — missionary box.

THE SERVANT'S DOCTORATE.

WHEN the University of St. Andrew's Scotland, sold her honors, a certain minister who deemed that his ministration would be more acceptable if he possessed what the Germans call the doctor-hat, put £15 in his purse and went to St. Andrew's to purchase for himself a good degree. His man servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was formally admitted to the long-desired honor. On his return "the doctor," sent for his servant, and addressed him as follows: "Noo, Saunders, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me *the doctor*; and gin only spiers at ye about me ye'll be aye sure to say "the doctor's in his study," or "the doctor's engaged," or "the doctor will see you in

a crack." "That a' depends," was the reply, "whether ye ca' me the doctor, too?" (The Rev. Dr. started.) "Ay, it's just so," continued the other; "for when I found that it cost so little, I e'en got a diploma myself, sa ye'll be just good enough to say, "doctor, put on some coals," or, "doctor, bring the whisky and hot water," and gin ony body spiers at ye about me, ye'll be aye sure to say, "the doctor's in the stable," or, "the doctor's in the pantry," or, "the doctor's digging potatoes," as the case may be."—*Arrive.*

A TAILOR "DONE BROWN."

THE N. Y. "SPIRIT," that perennial fountain of good things, has the following nice little story by a Boston correspondent, showing just how it was, "once on a time," that a certain knight of the shears in this city was "done brown." A most beautiful "brown" it was, truly:

Not many years since, there lived in the "moral" city of Boston, two young bucks, rather waggish in their ways, and who were in the habit of patronizing, rather extensively, a tailor by the name of Smith. Well one day, into Smith's shop these two young bloods strolled. Says one of them—

"Smith, we've been making a bet; now we want you to make each of us a suit of clothes—wait till the bet is decided, and then the one that loses will pay the whole."

"Certainly, gentleman; I shall be most happy to serve you," says Smith, and forthwith their measures were taken, and in due course of time the clothes were sent home.

A month or two passed by, and yet our friend, the tailor, saw nothing of his two customers. One day, however, he met them in Washington street, and thinking it *almost* time the bet was decided, he made up to them, and asked them how their clothes fitted.

"Oh! excellently," says one; "by the bye Smith, our bet isn't decided yet."

"Ah!" says Smith, "what is it?"

"Why, I bet that when *Bunker's Hill Monument falls, it will fall towards the south!* Bill here took me up, and when the bet is decided, we'll call and pay you that little bill."

Smith's face stretched to double its usual length but he soon recovered his wonted good humor, and says he—

"Boys, I'm sold; let's go to Brigham's and take a "snifter"—and I tell you what, boys, say nothing about it, and I'll send you receipted bills this afternoon."

A HEAVY BLOW.

A PENNSYLVANIA Colonel, who is fond of telling tough 'uns—especially stories of which he himself is the hero—lately "drew the long bow" after the following wise. Where's "Uncle Charles?"—

"I was once in Harrisburgh," says the colonel, "on official business. During my stay, a horse race came off near the capitol; and as I am rather partial to horse racing, I went to see it. Just as the horses were about starting, some fellow insulted me by jostling me rather roughly. Now, you know I don't often fight, but when I strike, then I *do* strike; so I up fist, and hit him a blow that sent him against the fence, into a field, carrying with him nine sections of post and rails. The fellow lay a short time, then raising himself into a sitting

posture, he looked wildly around him. "Gentlemen," said he, "has this storm done much damage? Did the lightning strike any body but me?"

WHY is the letter *e* a lazy and extravagant letter? Because it is always in bed and never out of debt.

WALKING with Horn, not long since, we observed a sign warping and cracking from the heat and dryness of the weather. The wag took notice of the same, and immediately commenced surveying every sign in the vicinity, as if in perfect astonishment.

"What do you wonder at?" inquired we.

"Nothing," replied he, "only I have heard it said that "all signs fail in a dry time."

"MA," said a young lady who was just married, "what shall I do that will have a tendency to make my marriage a happy one?" "Why! child! send the printers a slice of cake, and then you will be always happy, for ten to one their *devil* will get a bit, and then he will be sure never to trouble you."

AN Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of new boots exclaimed, "Faith, I believe I shall never get them on until I wear them a day or two."

MARRIED.—In Buffalo, on the 15th ult. Mr. J. R. Downing to Mary A. Straw. Thus is verified the old adage, that "a drowning man will catch at a straw."

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1848.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

A FIRE broke out in the upper part of our city, in the Hay Press connected with Mr. Charles Mitchell's Lumber Yard, on Tuesday afternoon, about half past four o'clock, it consumed the entire Lumber Yard, Hay Press, &c. extending its ravages to the building on the west, adjoining Gifford's Row, owned by Mr. Macy of New York, the building being fire proof, was easily protected, and the damage was trifling. The wind being in the south, drove the flames to a small dwelling, owned by Mr. A. Michael, of Claverack, which was entirely consumed, insurance \$900. Mr. Mitchell's loss will not exceed \$10,000, insurance \$7,000; the damage of Mr. Macy's building is about \$400, insured. It is not known how the fire originated.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

P. M. Stamford, N. Y. \$10.00; H. W. Marion, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. South Hartford, N. Y. \$1.00; F. A. K. Westport, Conn. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 12th inst. by Rev. Benj. Webber, Frederick Shuman, M. D. to Miss Sarah M. Burns, both of Hudson.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 23d ult. Marietta Hakes, aged 1 year and 3 months.
On the 27th ult. Mary Best, aged 14 days.
On the 27th ult. Robert Shaw, aged 6 months.
In Ghent, on the 26th ult. Mary, only child of Levi Cutler, Esq. aged 18 months.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten! *Rev. iii. 19.*

BY CATHARINE WEBB BARBER.

MOURNER, with a pallid cheek;
Nursing grief thou canst not speak!
Hast thou seen thine idols lie,
Like pale flowers 'neath autumn's sky?—
Dost thou miss at eve those voices,
Over which the heart rejoices?—
All thy lov'd ones—have they fled
To the cold and silent dead?

Hath thy Father's head of grey,
From the hearth-stone passed away?—
Dost thou miss the smiling face,
Of thy mother from its place?—
Are thy childhood's playmates fled?—
Lowly lies thy husband's head?
Hath thy child with sparkling eyes,
Died as some sweet flow'et dies?

Raise thy streaming eyes above!
He who chastened is all love—
His rebukes in grace are sent—
All thy treasures were but lent,
He hath called them back on high—
Hush the sob, and dry thine eye—
"Whom He loveth" feels the rod,
Bow and humbly own Him God!
Lafayette Female Academy, Ala. 1848.

For the Rural Repository.

THE maiden on the green bank sat,
Around her were the flowers,
"There's music in the breeze," she said,
"And in the summer showers."

"There's beauty in the rose's bloom,
And in the violet's hue,
There's loveliness upon the earth,
And in the sky of blue."

"There's music in the running brook,
And hum of winging bee,
And there is joy within my heart,
When I am near to thee."

The youth beside her made reply,
And clasped in his, her hand—
"There may be music in the air,
And beauty in the land."

"There may be joy within thy breast,
For such there is in mine—
For thou art all my own my love,
And I am only thine."

"But were we not thus bound to each,
The world would seem most cold,
And all the beauty which we know,
Would be transformed and old."

"For 'tis the love within our hearts,
Which maketh all things fair,
And yields a peace but next to that,
Which follows after prayer."

April, 1848.

BARRY GRAY.

For the Rural Repository.

TO A FRIEND.

I WILL think of thee oft when bright flowers are glowing,
All fragrant and lovely in wild-wood and glen,
When the mild gentle breezes of morning are blowing
O'er beds of sweet blossoms, I'll think of thee then;

I will oft think of thee when the pale lamps of even
Shine pensively down from their dwelling on high,
That vision shall come like a soft dream of Heaven,
And in memory's mirror I'll gaze in thine eye.

And like zephyrs that wander among the wild flowers,
Thy voice of glad music shall fall on my heart,
And I'll muse on thy worth when the leaves of the bowers
In soft rainbow beauty shall fade and depart.
Thou art all to my heart in the beautiful ideal,
And shall dwell in my bosom the memory of thee,
Not like the frail rainbow though brilliant unreal,
For fadeless and pure shall that vision e'er be.
Westfield, N. Y. 1848.

M. F. B.

From the Tribune and Bulletin.

SUMMER.

THINE, oh Summer! are the bowers
Thine the lawns and verdant leas,
Fragrant with the breath of flowers,
Floating on the gentle breeze.

Thine, the soul-enchancing numbers,
That with cadence pure and sweet,
Sometimes wakes us from our slumbers,
In the still and cool retreat.

When Aurora bright appearing,
Cheers the woodland with her rays,
Then with reverential feeling
Nature's fond admirer strays.

Here, he views the torrent foaming,
As it rushes down its way,
And he pauses in his roaming,
All its grandeur to survey;

There the streamlets gently gliding,
Oft attract his wandering sight,
Now in dark recesses hiding,
Then emerging to the light.

Little hills and lofty mountains,
Crowned in graceful verdure rise,
Reservoirs of living fountains,
Whence the stream that never dries.

Decked with Flora's fairest flowers,
Smiling valleys lie below;
When the vesper rules the hours,
Where the singing zephyrs blow;

And the pearly dews descending,
Sparkle in the Lunar ray,
Their refreshing virtues lending,
For the glad return of day.

But sweet Summer! thou wilt leave us,
When thy lovely reign is o'er;
And the parting well may grieve us,
As we ne'er may meet thee more.

Time is passing, life is fleeting;
Ere the sceptre thou resume,
Heart's that now are warmly beating,
May repose within the tomb.

I. C.

TO THE SUN-DIAL,

Under the window of the Hall of the House of Representatives of the United States.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Thou silent herald of Time's ceaseless flight!
Say, couldst thou speak, what warning voice were thine?
Shade, who canst only show how others shine!
Dark, sullen witness of resplendent light!
In day's broad glare, and when the noontide bright
Of laughing Fortune sheds the ray divine,
Thy ready favors cheer us—but decline
The clouds of morning and the gloom of night.
Yet art thy counsel's faithful, just and wise;
They bid us seize the moments as they pass,
Snatch the retrievable sunbeam as it flies,
Nor lose one sand of life's revolving glass;
Aspiring still, with energy sublime,
By virtuous deeds, to give ETERNITY to TIME.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD

Hudson, Columbia, Co. N. Y. 1847

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